THE PACIFIC

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Reading Room

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BROTHERHOOD.

Mark well this fact—not often urged, indeed—
That one's own business, if he mind it best,
Concerns the common welfare, takes due heed
How self, the unit, stands toward all the rest.

A lean and narrow virtue must it be,
Content with "Meddle not!"—to go one's way,
A skulker, hemmed with selfish privacy,
Who lets one's brother suffer as he may.

To mind one's business, rather, as God minds—
That's the true way, the Christian way. God's son
Full room within the common pathway finds
To walk his way, and yet not walk alone.

—James Buckham.

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AN OUTRAGE THAT RECALLS OWEN LOVEJOY'S HISTORIC EXPERIENCE AT ALTON.

Recent occurences in the East lead to the asking of the question, Is there to be a reign of lawlessness in the interests of the lawless saloon? And they recall also the words of the noted orator, Robert Ingersoll, on intoxicating liquors. In an argument in a Chicago court in 1876 he said:

"I believe, gentlemen, that alcohol, to a certain degree, demoralizes those who make it, those who sell it, and those who drink it. I believe from the time it issues from the coiled and poisonous worm of the distillery until it empties into the hell of crime, death, and dishonor, it demoralizes everybody that touches it."

One of our Eastern exchanges says: "There is a strange significance in the fact that several fires have occurred in Joliet, and in each case the property destroyed was that of a person who ravored the closing of the saloons of the city."

These and other things in conjunction with the destruction by dynamite of the printing office of the Daily News, at Rock Island, Ill., are making people think and question.

At three o'clock one morning an explosion shook the whole city, and was heard at a distance of twenty miles. Dynamite was put under a $10,000 press, and a slow fuse attached so as to permit the perpetrators of the dastardly deed to escape unhurt.

The Northwestern Christian Advocate says:

"The Daily News has for months been engaged in a vigorous assault upon the saloon and gambling element of the city. These elements have determined to silence it by destroying it. The heartless character of those who committed this crime is seen in the fact that there were from twenty to twenty-five men, women, and children asleep in the upper flats of the building at the time the explosion occurred, and the life of every one imperiled by the explosion.

"It is a startling fact that this diabolical outrage was treated with silence by the daily press of Chicago. When a similar outrage occurred at Alton years ago and the printing office of Owen Lovejoy was destroyed, the indignation of the entire nation was aroused. Has the liquor element silenced the press? Or is there some other reason why news of this outrage received no notice?"

The Interior says: "Report comes from Rock Island that when The News applied to a paper in an adjoining town for the privilege of using its press, the latter journal was notified that if it extended the accommodation, it also would suffer. It was a remarkable and seemingly a sinister fact that this outrage was not noticed in any of the Chicago dailies beyond a mere inch paragraph, and in two of three of the strongest was not noticed at all. But the suppression of such news in the secular press will not keep the people from hearing of an incident so revolting to American ideas of fair play and public safety, and it will be the longer remembered when it is understood that great metropolitan jurnals fear to denounce such crimes. Indeed, this crime at Rock Island may very well become as historically significant as the crime at Alton seventy years ago."

The malicious assault last week on the pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church at Turlock, in the San Joaquin valley is in line with those outrages in Illionois. Those who know say that he did nothing more than to oppose the saloons and brothels; and that there had been no reference by him to the women who had part in the horse-whipping which he received.

Many things indicate that as to the saloon the country is rapidly moving on to such a condition as existed as to slavery immediately preceding the civil war.

"Whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad." The liquor influences are everywhere getting desperate, and many are ready to resort to damnable deeds to save the traffic.

Our God is marching on! The saloon is doomed! God grant that its end come speedily!

A PLAN FOR THE EVANGELIZATION OF LONDON.

A plan for evangelizing London has been outlined by Mr. W. R. Lane, a man of long experience in evangelistic work. United evangelistic work as a whole, he regards as impracticable in that great city with its vast and ever-growing population. He is quoted in the British Weekly as saying:

"An earnest and honest attempt in this direction was recently made under the leadership of Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander. It was organized on a large and expensive scale, and was by far the strongest organized effort to reach London with the Gospel that this generation has seen. There is a widespread feeling that the abiding results were far from adequate to the enormous outlay. This involves no reflection on the men who toiled and spent so generously. Our criticisms apply to methods, not to men, and here the question may be raised, Was the strength expended along the lines of the wisest economy?"

Concerning centralized evangelistic work, Mr. Lane says:

"When the Albert Hall, for instance, is taken, you get people who can pay tram and 'bus fares, and who flock in from the suburbs. The really needy people are not reached. Large centralized missions have their place and their importance, but we need to be on our guard against exaggerating their value."

"We are face to face today," added Mr. Lane, "with the startling fact of a religious indifference which is more pronounced than ever. Only a small proportion of the population ever attend church, chapel or mission room. Has not the time come for reconsidering our methods?"

This plan suggests the dividing of the city into

areas of about 250,000 people each, and each area into ten districts, each district having its own evangelizing center. Meetings would be held simultaneously all over the area for several weeks, no one mission being made specially prominent, but the strength of the workers being distributed equally under a combined leadership.

Interrogated as to the workers, he replied: "Well, it depends on what kind of preachers you are looking for. I think there would be no difficulty in laying hands on fifty able evangelists for London. Some might be Anglican clergy, some ministers, while we should find a little army of Christian business men whose hearts are aflame for God's work. It is not the popular preacher, but the simple earnest man of God who would be necessary under these conditions. This would be a serious and arduous campaign with little of the poetry of the field day about it."

One of the first objects, he says, would be to help those who are already to some extent in possession of the field. "It has too often been the case that when great central missions are held, churches and chapels in the neighborhood are left almost empty. We should not disturb the regular Sunday services, though it would be possible to hold united meetings on Sunday afternoon and after evening worship. The week nights would be available for other meetings. In addition to the evening services, I should propose that all kinds of religious activities should be carried on day by day, united mothers' meetings, etc. I am in favor of open-air work in the morning as well as at night. Much good is sometimes done when a few workers enter a quiet back street at 11 in the morning and sing some favorite hymn. Very soon a crowd of women gathers with babies in their arms to hear the gospel perhaps for the first time since their Sunday-school days."

It is worthy of note that Mr. Lane both hopes and believes that he can get Nonconformists and Anglicans to work together in such effort.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

President King of Oberlin College has been chosen to give the William Belden Noble lectures at Harvard for 1908-09.

Chicago celebrates this week the completion of its first fifty years of Y. M. C. A. work. An effort is being made to raise a million dollar fund to forward the work as entrance is made on the second half century period. The president of the Marshall Field Company has offered one-tenth of the sum.

The British Congregationalist remarks concerning the average daily paper of England: "These papers are run on purely financial lines. They are made to sell, and they will do or say anything that tends to increase their sale." It is so the world over. In general the daily paper is no longer a moulder of public opinion.

The Rev. F. B. Meyer of London saw Mr. Evan Roberts, the Welsh revivalist, a few weeks ago, near Leicester, where he has been resting for some time. He states that he had been near to paralysis, but that he is recovering. Mr. Meyer says that he never saw any other man who reminded him quite so much of the old prophets.

The Rev. Dr. Alexander Whyte said in a recent address, with reference to the Shorter Catechism: "God forbid that Scotland should ever take out of the hands of her children so divine and fruitful an exposition of the Word of God!" He characterized it as a marvelous, intellectual, scriptural, logical document, and deplored the ignorant ribaldry about it.

In an article in an Eastern paper concerning San Francisco, Bishop Hamilton writes: "With its seventy-five Methodist churches, nearly fifty of which are Methodist Episcopal, it is relatively the greatest Methodist city in the world, and viewed from the commercial and influential standpoint, the greatest city on the continent will be located just where San Francisco was riven by the earthquake." We presume Bishop Hamilton had in mind Greater San Francisco when he wrote of 75 Methodist churches.

The Hon. Thomas E. Barkworth of Jackson, Michigan, for many years a leader in the Democratic party in his state, and a former member of the Democratic national committee, stated a few days ago at a non-partisan good-government mass meeting, in Jackson, that the Democratic party of Michigan, and even of the nation, is seriously considering the inclusion in its platform of a prohibition or temperance plank. All politicians who are wise have their ears to the ground now, and they hear the tread of the advancing temperance hosts.

The Merrick lectures for 1908 at Ohio Wesleyan University were given last week by five different persons: Rev. Charles Stelzle, New York City, "The Spirit of Social Unrest;" Miss Jane Adams, Chicago, "Religious Beliefs and Social Amelioration;" Mr. Charles P. Neill, Ph.D., Washington, D. C., "Some Ethical Aspects of the Labor Movement;" President Graham Taylor, LL.D., Chicago, "Industry and Religion, Their Common Ground and Interdependence;" Rev. Geo. P. Eckman, D.D., New York City, "Christianity and the Social Situation."

When the matter of the restoration of the motto, "In God We Trust," to the coins from which it was omitted was under discussion recently in congress one congressman said: "The investigation of anarchy in Chicago showed that the 'reds' are trying to keep from their children all knowledge that there is a God. I want to oppose myself to the purpose of the anarchist. Back of the crosses on our churches and back of the flag which floats over our school-houses are great sacrifices, and back of both is the God of the nations. This motto on our coins was born in 1861, in this country's greatest sacrificial period. * * * Our nation was founded by men having a sublime faith in God. We must not turn the clock back. We cannot afford to give any person excuse for saying that this congress repudiates what that motto stands for."

A Presbyterian pastor-at-large, in the Eastern Washington district, gives the following leaf from his experiences: "We meet with all kinds of people, but we always get encouragement, even sometimes when it is not intended. One day, going up the Columbia river on one of my journeys on a steamer, there were a large number of passengers aboard, among whom was an outspoken infidel, who took every opportunity during the day to air his views, and to show his contempt for all Christian things. He was treasurer of

a large corporation, and was going up the river to pay off his men. He carried a hand satchel with him which he guarded very carefully. At night we arrived at Brewster, and went ashore to stay at the hotel. After supper all the men who had been on the boat and laughing at the infidel's coarse flings at Christianity were sitting about the fire, when the infidel came to me and told me that his grip contained a large amount of money, and that he wished to go out in the town for a time, and he would like for me to take charge of his satchel while he was gone. I agreed to do so, but I thought he valued Christianity more than he was willing to admit." We are reminded of the old-time atheist who sat one day in a sawmill arguing against the existence of God. An unexpected movement of the machinery threw him into the mill race, where, in danger of being drowned, he called loudly on the Lord to save him from such a death.

The changed attitude of late of the daily papers, in different parts of the country on the temperance question, is highly significant. The Michigan Christian Advocate comments in the following manner concerning those in Detroit: "The Detroit public has not in the past been accustomed to look into the daily papers for temperance editorials; in fact, have not had much reason to do so. It is becoming different now. To what extent our secular editorial brethren have been converted to prohibition, may still be a matter of question; but they are certainly saying some things to which temperance folk can give a hearty amen. We have quoted from the Free Press to that effect; last week each of the three other dailies had something along the same line. The Times had a rattling good big double-column editorial on the published statement that the Democrats were contemplating the putting of a temperance plank in their national and state platforms. The News, in an editorial leader, effectually punctured the professed claim of the brewers and saloonkeepers that the business is run for the sake of the 'moderate drinkers,' by pointing out that the 1,800 saloons of Detroit (or even the 1,600 to which they propose to limit the number) could not possibly be supported by the patronage of moderate drinkers. It shows that, with an average of not over 50 to 100 regular patrons to a saloon 'the modernte drinker cannot cut very much ice in a business that pays over $800,000 a year for licenses alone and more than twice as much for running expenses.' Its conclusion is that it isn't worth while to have so many saloons or to keep them open on Sunday, merely to accommodate the moderate drinkers. Finally, the Journal, in a strong editorial, headed 'No Brewery Government, Please,' vigorously assails the latest proposition of the brewers to repeal the Watson ordinance and practically hand over to the said brewers the control of the liquor business in Detroit. We quote these editorial utterances, not alone for what they say, but to observe the significance of the fact that the daily papers are becoming alive to 'the dominant issue,' as a brewer well characterizes it."

A happy nature is sometimes a gift, but it is also a grace, and can, therefore, be cultivated and acquired; and it should be a definite aim with those who are training a child.—Lucy Soulsby.

PULPIT PARAGRAPHS.

By Chas. R. Brown.

The Halo in Modern Life.

The first Christian martyr was a layman, and when he stood before the council on trial for his life the narrative says, "All that sat in the council looking steadfastly on him saw his face as it had been the face of an angel." Because of his serene faith, his high purpose, his resolute will, there came into his face a strange light which was like the halo encircling the heads of the saints upon the canvases of the great artists.

It is significant that this man was not a priest nor a monk, but one chosen as a layman to administer a certain trust because he was "of honest report, full of wisdom and of the Holy Ghost"—a reputable, sensible, godly man! The halo in modern life is not reserved for ecclesiastics, but is accorded to all those who are faithfully serving the interests of the kingdom, whatever may be the special calling. The old artificial line between sacred and secular is fading out. The quality of sacredness is not outward and official, attaching to certain offices and functions—it is inward and personal. The divine glory is reflected in a radiance like that seen in the face of Moses when any life is well lived, regardless of the particular sort of material with which it deals.

This enlargement of view was strikingly brought out in a series of stained-glass windows designed by Lamb of New York and placed in old Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, where for more than forty years Henry Ward Beecher preached the gospel of righteousness. We are all familiar with the conventional stained glass window, setting forth some Bible incident or some legendary scene in the life of an ecclesiastic. It is significant that six of the eight windows recently dedicated in Plymouth Church portrayed scenes which the thoughtless world calls secular. The first one represented John Pym and John Hampden pleading for the Bill of Rights before King Charles—it marked the beginning of political liberty. The second showed John Milton writing his plea for the freedom of the press—a long step forward in intellectual liberty! The third pictured Oliver Cromwell announcing to George Fox, the Quaker, that under the commonwealth religious toleration would be the rule of old England—a proclamation of religious liberty!

The fourth window showed the signing of the compact in the cabin of the Mayflower—that document which has been called the seed corn from which sprang the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution. The fifth window showed the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock to found here a colony dedicated to those principles of political, intellectual and religious liberty. The sixth window showed the founding of Harvard College, the dedication of the higher learning to noble ends!

What a notable series of windows to be placed in that church where Beecher pleaded for the freedom of the slave, for the preservation of the Union, for the demolition of the saloon, for civic betterments, as well as for the deliverance of the individual from the power of sin and the church from the burden of an impossible theology. It marks the turning of a corner in ecclesiastical decoration, the bringing out of the essential sacredness of that every day life which consumes more than six-sevenths of our time and strength whenever

the life is devoted to the highest ends.

"The world we live in wholly is redeemed,
Not man alone, but all that man holds dear!
Nature in all its fullness is the Lord's.
There are no Gentile oaks, no Pagan pines;
The grass beneath is Christian grass
The wayside weed is sacred unto Him."

It is for the Christian church to face this modern mood, which I doubt not is an accent of the Holy Ghost, and to insist upon the investment of the total life with an abiding sacredness. We are to look upon business, the organized effort to utilize earth's resource to meet human need, and say, "Hallowed be thy name! May God's kingdom come here!" We are to look upon politics, the corporate attempt to have right principles stand fast and bear rule, the organized insistence that the powers that be must be ordained of God for high ends, and say, "Hallowed be thy name! May God's kingdom come and God's will be done here even as it is done in heaven." We are to bring the total life under the power of a nobler consecration, that its face may shine with a radiance like that which shone in the face of Stephen when he stood in the presence of the council to bear faithful witness to the supremacy of the Lord Christ.

IN THE HOLY LAND.

Joseph Rowell.

An hour of leisure for a word to The Pacific; but out of a thousand things of interest it is hard to choose a few. I am here in Nazareth, the place where Jesus lived for thirty years. Better here, in a sense, than at Jerusalem, for these hills and this sea of Galilee are as Jesus traversed them; while there, nearly everything is changed. I know that I have walked and sailed where he did—in a way the most precious experience of my life, longed for for more than four-score years. Yet even here is so much that is unreal. Our Roman Catholic friends are very fond of fixing names, dates and places; so when they say, "This was Joseph's workshop," with "a little salt" we can believe his shop may have been on this site, though its foundation was from three to six feet below those of the present building. But when they show us a narrow, dark, crooked hole in the rock (partly artificial) and say, "This is where Joseph and Mary lived," we need a large spoonful of the "salt." That they should have lived and brought up Jesus in a dingy hole like this, with all out of doors to choose from is sheer nonsense. So of their "Mount of Precipitation." It is a steep hill, down which it is impossible to pitch a man "headlong," while (as I am told) there are declivities near the present city. So of the spring and well, called "Mary's fountain." As this is the chief (perhaps the only) source of water supply for the city, it is easy to believe that Mary often came here and went away to her home with her water jar on her head, just as the women now do. I seem to see her so employed, yet I cannot be sure.

As to the sea of Galilee, on which I spent the better part of a day, it is just as Jesus traversed it. It was smooth for me, for Him it was often rough. My boat was smaller than his (I am told that there are a very few of his kind left here); but propelled in the same way—by sail and oars. But oh, how sad to look on these desolate shores! Here he found thousands on thousands of busy fisher people, while now not a town in which he preached is left. All that is visible is ruins where Capernaum stood. "Woe! Chorazin," etc., "and thou, Capernaum," etc.—and they have vanished. The only town left is Tiberias, where I spent two nights, and there is no record that He ever visited this. As it was the "royal" city, the residence of Herod the Tetrarch, it is probable that He did not. Better not hear than to hear and reject. But the lake, the beautiful lake, is just as it was. It smiles and sometimes waves to heaven. It is full of delicious fish (I proved them) as of old. I saw a net cast, but like Peter's, it "caught nothing" but one small fish, which a Syrian boy an away with. I was prepared to gather of its shells, and I got a good supply; also a lot of land shells, near by. "O Galilee, sweet Galilee," yet now accursed (depopulated), a land "flowing with milk and honey"—goats' milk and rather inferior honey now (I partook of them). The soil is very good, but more stony and rocky than any other I ever saw. But an olive tree will flourish in a cavity between rocks, and the wheat is luxuriant. Only let these barren hills be crowned with forests once more, and the land will be a fruitful garden.

Here in Nazareth are mission schools, and of course several Roman Catholic rivals; a nunnery, also, with ten nuns, shut in by a wall twelve feet or so high, which they never pass. I went up two hundred marble steps and a steep, rough road of twice the length, to the school and orphanage of the "Church Missionary Society." In a room—the long rows of sweet little white cots, each with a crimson bag on it containing a nightdress, the long, neat tables, the tidy schoolrooms, the loving teachers—then my thought went out to the former schools of these children—mud huts of one room each, with camels, dogs, goats, hens, men, women and children, all together, not fit for dog kennels; and the food—oh! to these children this new abode must be brighter than their dreams of heaven. God bless these missionaries! One of the teachers (an English lady) piloted me up the remaining steep climb to the top of the hill, which Jesus must have climbed a hundred times, and oh, the prospect! Mount Hermon, snow-clad, in the north, to the east, beyond the Jordan, the long ranges of Gilead, to the south Mount Tabor, the plain of Esdraelon and the mountains of Judea, on the west the "great sea" (Red) and the coast mountains (the Carmel range). Jesus, full of his love for natural beauty, must often have stood just here and drank in this inspiring view. His esthetics were not in the order of much of modern preaching. The work of his own hands was the beauty that he loved, and its beauty abides forever.

A word elsewhere: Yesterday we passed a troop —more than a hundred—of Russian Greeks, bound for Jerusalem. They had a few asses, but most were on foot—barefooted women carrying heavy loads over rough roads, clad in all sorts of garments, evidently picked up while journeying, a motley, yet a cheerful company. They were free now, and bound for Jerusalem. How thankfully they accepted the remains of our lunch—German rye bread, etc. May God send them the true light!

Tomorrow we start for Jerusalem, too.

To get his conscience purified a man must get back to God.—Rev. J. G. Beauchamp.

JOTTINGS OF A PERIPATETIC.

Glimpses of Washington and Oregon.

The by-products of observation on a business trip are often as interesting, and sometimes more suggestive than the main results of the journey. Astronomers tell us that the indirect vision discloses some things that cannot be seen by a concentrated gaze.

The new edifice of the First Church at Tacoma will stand even the scrutiny of a direct inspection. It is beautifully located on a strategic corner in a fine residence part of the city, is easy of access, and cannot fail to attract attention and interest because of its quiet, but pleasing architectural qualities. It will be a great day for this church when it is housed in the new building. The history of the promotion of the plan and its final successful consummation would require the mention of many names, but of one name in particular, for it is the result of the indomitable energy and unquenchable faith of one man more than of anybody else. As he is as modest as the average man, we will not mention his name.

Both the side glance and the direct vision also discover a new atmosphere in the Westminster Church at Spokane. Large accessions of membership under the present pastorate, numbering among the additions many influential men, and a new spirit of service, are contributing to a better development of this church than it has ever had in its history. Ere long, by the indomitable perseverance of its pastor, and the cooperation of its willing workers, who have literally taken a hand in the enterprise, there will be a new Sunday-school and prayer-room underneath the auditorium. The walls of the main structure will be pushed out, and the seating capacity of the church greatly enlarged. While the church is broadening in these ways, on March 1st it caught a new vision of its privilege on the larger field, and raised $600 to support its own foreign missionary. A glimpse of the fine Sunday-school of Pilgrim Church, in the same city, and the greatly enlarged attendance at the Sunday morning service, in its very attractive auditorium, discovered also great promise of increasing strength in this namesake of the pioneer Congregationalists of the land.

The experiment of a religious service in one of the prominent theaters of Seattle on Monday noons during the Lenten period was proving successful, if the goodly attendance and the manifestation of interest in the admirable address of the pastor of Plymouth Church are reliable indices. The pleasant fellowship found in the midweek meeting of this church, and the hearty welcome accorded to the stranger, are delightful features of Plymouth Church life.

The Men's Club of Pilgrim's Congregation illustrates the wonderful promise of that growing church. In a company of 117 men gathered to listen to the new mayor of the city there were not more than ten whose heads showed the whitening of age, and one-half of the whole company were said to be college graduates.

Our churches in Portland, as a whole, seem to be better manned and more in earnest than for many years.

The heartiness with which the new pastor of the First Church has taken hold of every problem of our denominational work in the city and in the state has the promise and the potency of progress for the future, while it does not prevent him from winning the increasing affection and loyalty of his own congregation.

Athleticism in a minister is a valuable asset, when it is used in the service of God, and the following, which the Hassalo Street pastor secures among the young men because he cannot only preach with vigor, but put up a magnificent football game, is doing both the church and the rising generation in that part of the city a great deal of good. H. M. T.

THE TROTTER EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Some time ago several laymen of this city invited Melvin E. Trotter of Grand Rapids, Mich., to hold a series of evangelistic meetings in San Francisco. Mr. Trotter, who had been holding meetings in Los Angeles, accepted the invitation, and on Sunday, March 22nd, opened the campaign.

Mr. Trotter is a unique figure among evangelists. His specialty seems to be the presentation of the message of salvation in the language of the sporting fraternity. He is an adept in the use of slang and certainly makes some tremendous impressions by it. His message is inspired by his own experience, the grace of God having saved him from a life of misery produced by sin. He was a barber and race-track man, and at times was successful in money-getting, but eventually found himself an outcast in the Levee district of Chicago, without wife, or friends, or money, or courage. When he had about made up his mind to end all by the suicide route he visited Harry Monroe's mission and heard the message of salvation, gave his heart to God and was born again. Now for over eleven years he has been engaged in Christian effort for the salvation of the outcast, with great success. He conducts a rescue mission in Grand Rapids, where he has a large building, formerly a theater, which is owned by the mission. He has been instrumental in organizing several such missions in other cities. There are three missions in Los Angeles. The laymen who invited Mr. Trotter to San Francisco had in mind the possibility of organizing and financing such a mission with his help.

The meetings began in the Dreamland Rink on Sunday, March 22nd, with a large attendance. Through the week they were held in Plymouth Church, but returned to the rink the following Sunday, where they continued until the close. Large numbers of people have heard Mr. Trotter with varying emotions; some were shocked with the gruesome stories with which he illustrated his sermons, others were pained at his use of slang terms to express certain sacred associations of Jesus, still others were fascinated with the man's tremendous earnestness, but many were moved to express their repentance for sin and seek the peace and power of salvation. Over two hundred are said to have come forward in the meetings. These were not children who have been under the instruction of the churches. I would not want my child to listen to Mr. Trotter's preaching; it is too realistic; but men and women, most of the men being such as have tasted the pleasures and disappointments of sin. One man tells of his rescue from premeditated suicide when he accidentally turned aside to hear Trotter.

The culminating meeting was held in the rink Sunday, April 6th, at 3 o'clock. A large group of San Fran-

cisco ministers occupied the platform and between two and three thousand people filled the floor. At this meeting Mr. Trotter gave a sketch of his life, before conversion and after, and if the impression was made upon other hearers which was made upon one its effect was tremendous. Mr. Trotter was not boastful; he did not make sin attractive; rather he made it repulsive; all his presentations had this effect. He laid bare with unshrinking purpose the wages of sin as he earned them, and brought tears to the eyes of many of the ministers upon the platform. The congregation was with him. In response to his presentation it shuddered, it wept, it laughed, it prayed. At times it seemed to be transfixed, not a movement in all its vast numbers. It was a splendid recital of the experiences of a man who had looked over the brink of hell and been rescued by the loving spirit of God, expressed by the leader of the Chicago Gospel Mission.

At the close of the meeting Mr. Trotter made an appeal for gifts in order to open a mission and finance it for a year. He read a letter from the directors of the Los Angeles mission inclosing a gift of $500 for the San Francisco work. Cards were distributed for pledges, and when they were received and the sums added it was found that the total amount was about $6,000. Mr. Trotter had asked for $5,000. The mission is to be opened as soon as possible, and it is hoped that Mr. George Trotter, a brother of the evangelist, can be secured to superintend it. He is at present in charge of the Los Angeles work, but has been with his brother in this campaign, leading the singing. He is full of enthusiasm, and no doubt if he assumes the position he will put the mission upon a firm foundation. It will be located on Ann street, on the south side of Market street, near the Palace Hotel.

Mr. Trotter has done a creditable work during his two weeks in San Francisco, and the prayers of those interested is that it may be a permanent work which shall have an efficient place among the religious institutions of the city.

A BULLETIN FROM THE FIRING LINE OF THE LAYMEN'S MISSIONARY MOVEMENT.

H. Melville Tenney.

For the first time in history the great foreign missionary societies of this country have united in a campaign of inspiration and education among the churches. The Laymen's Missionary Movement furnished the opportunity, the brotherliness of the district secretaries made the union possible, and their invitation to the central organization in New York secured J. Campbell White, secretary of the national organization, for a series of seven rallies in the leading cities of the Pacific Coast. It is a unique experiment, and, in the providence of God, may disclose a better method of promoting the extension of the Kingdom into all the world than has ever yet been tried.

Three of the conferences have already been held. At Spokane, Washington, on the evening of March 23rd, a great body of the representative laymen of the different denominations met at the banquet table, and entered into the delightful fellowship of the Laymen's Movement. Secretary White's presentation of the problem before the men of this generation in the churches of America was a revelation, startling to many, of wonderful persuasiveness and power to all. The conquest of the world for Christ, which has been considered by many a wild dream of the enthusiast, was brought out of the mists of the future, and shown to be a practicable accomplishment in this present age. The address made a profound impression, and without a dissenting vote the Christian men of Spokane proceeded to organize their forces to carry out the plan suggested. Their recommendation to increase the pro rata of giving from 50 cents of last year, to $2 per member for the present year was approved on the following evening, at the mass meeting of men, with equal unanimity and enthusiasm. This will increase the $5,000 of last year to $20,000 the present year. A permanent interdenominational committee was selected, and plans for a thorough canvass in the different churches were laid.

These men were not carried away by a frantic appeal to their feelings; they were not driven to it by the goad of duty in a master hand, but the blended logic and fire of Mr. White's address produced a conviction, never before felt, that here was something that men could do with every prospect of success, if they were willing to put the energy and enterprise into it which characterized their business operations, and with the birth of the conviction, the **desire to do** impelled them to go forward. "We can if we will" was again fused in the flame of a heaven-born enthusiasm, and emerged in the better form, "We can and we will."

The rally in Seattle, March 25-27, was finely promoted by three members of the national committee of the Laymen's Movement, and a large number of the energetic and successful business men of the city, who carry their full vigor into the work of the church, were deeply interested in the meetings there. The recommendation to raise this year $100,000 as the share of this city by the sea, instead of the $20,000 of last year, was heartily adopted at the mass meeting, and the organization started to secure the funds. One of our Congregational brethren, from his sick bed, utilized his telephone in rallying our forces, and inspired the men of his own class by the promise of $1,000 towards the increase proposed.

It remained for Portland to secure probably the largest attendance, both at the banquet and at the mass meeting of any of the rallies held in the Northwest. The plan of holding the dinner in a hotel instead of a church was here adopted, and the finest banquet hall of the Portland Hotel was filled with a company of at least 300 of the very best men of the city. The program of music, the formality of colored waiters and the accessories of menu cards and all the appurtenances of a worldly banquet, except the wine, suggested the possibility that the men were attracted by curiosity and a good dinner, rather than by the interest of the enterprise. One could hardly realize, in looking over the attendance, that it was not a gathering of society men, and the query arose whether there was any moral or spiritual earnestness to be discovered under the conditions which obtained. This doubt was all dissipated when they arose to their feet, and with a tremendous volume of sound that made the welkin ring sang the old missionary hymn, "The Morning Light Is Breaking," and this sign of interest was but the precursor of a splendid enthusiasm that took up the proposition submitted to them of increasing the missionary gifts of the city from less than $20,000 last year to $50,000 the coming year. The conservatism of the city was manifested in the goal set, but the remark was made, "We would rather go be-

yond the $50,000, than have any possibility of failing to raise it."

The sense of a new fellowship is being developed among business men by this union of effort. "What, are you a church member, and interested in this thing?" has been an exclamation heard over and over again as men who have met on the street and in the bank met for the first time to transact the business of their common Lord. If any competition among the denominations arises, it will be a competition in giving for the extension of the Kingdom, and the church and the heathen world can endure a good deal of that without criticism or complaint.

The prayer element in these meetings is a deep and underlying force. Our leader comes to his work from the secret place of power. The sense of spiritual values, the supreme glory of sacrifice for noble ends, the joy of being a co-laborer with Christ are proclaimed with a new and convincing emphasis. There is the gleam of the great ideal shining down upon us as we work; the Daystar arises in our hearts; the flush of the new day is in the eastern sky, and we rejoice in the glad assurance that the Sun of Righteousness will rise with healing for all the darkened world.

Portland, Ore.

THE LAYMEN'S MISSIONARY MOVEMENT MEETINGS.

Two were held in Oakland last week, and as a result that city will in all probability lift its missionary contributions from $20,000, the amount given last year, to $40,000 this year, to $60,000 the second year and to $80,000 the third year.

A committee of one hundred men, representing the various churches so recommended and the recommendation received hearty endorsement.

The banquet in the First Methodist Church on Thursday evening was attended by a large number of representative laymen in the different denominations and the speeches were a fountain of inspiration.

Mr. E. P. Flint, the chairman, spoke in way of introduction of the importance of the movement, and of the significance and promise when men of all denominations could get together in such a work as brethren.

The Rev. Dr. Smythe, the foreign missionary secretary of the Methodist Episcopal Church, characterized the meeting in Oakland last Thursday evening as the most significant gathering of Christian men that he had ever seen. He thought that it would put a new vocabulary into the heads of the editors of the religious papers.

The missionary enterprise, he regards, as the greatest unifying agency on earth today; and this laymen's missionary movement, the greatest religious movement of the age—in that it means a unity of effort which will eventuate in such a wonderful efficiency as will make us wonder at length that we ever tolerated so long the wasteful competitive methods of old.

Dr. Smythe stated that his experiences in China showed him that the things which divide the denominations are insignificant.

Mr. Jones of Minneapolis, one of the laymen who went to the Orient recently investigating as to missions, stated that he looked on the world with different eyes since that trip. He made a strong plea for missionary work in these opening years of the 20th century.

Then came Mr. J. Campbell White, the noted secretary of the Laymen's Movement, who showed graphically that no other enterprise in the world's history had even won such triumphs as the missionary enterprise. And America's opportunity and obligation were held up in a masterly manner. No one could go away from such a meeting without carrying away a renewed determination to invest his life in something eternally worth while.

We understand that the meeting on Friday evening was also one of great inspiration. Our lack of omnipresence prevented attendance thereat.

ACORNS FROM THREE OAKS.

The Genesis of the Blossom Festival.

Two bright Yankee girls suddenly broke out upon a surprised old preacher, who, perhaps, was too content with a jog-trot of uniform devotional service: "You have nothing but prayer meeting, missionary exercises in Saratoga. Why don't you do something young people enjoy?" I wonder. Sure enough, we had been praying much for rain. Drouth and phyloxera were killing vineyards. Hay was $25 a ton. Prunes had shrivelled. They were canning California horses up in Oregon. Family pets were given away to those who would feed them. Drouths are sad!

Rain did come. The hills were green again. The buds were swelling, so were our hearts. It was fit time to praise. And so the simple village function was launched with the double purpose of thanking the God of promising harvests and proving to young people that clean pleasures are best, and last longest. The Southern Pacific Railroad Company co-operated. Sturdy plowmen didn't see much in it at first, but came to like carrying enthusiastic city folk under great boughs of blossoms. The horses seem to like the crowd. Their eyes shine. A wagon full of jolly kids pulls easier than a side-hill plow.

Dinner tastes good out of doors, and coffee is better than whiskey. Balloons, kites, swings, games, races, vaulting delight Young America, and for a time, until they grew into the spirit of the festival, devoted church women aided the parish funds by chicken-pies of the proper poppy-colored legs. Now they want to be outdoors with the happy crowd and join in the wide countryside picnic. Men speak at their best to a happy crowd of picnicers. Women sing with their souls. Elocutionists who laugh sincerely make others laugh. There must be some attraction when four hundred and eighty nervous and restive Americans will ride patiently and pleasantly eleven miles in the cars to share a simple country festival. The overworked motormen and conductors go without their dinners cheerfully, and snatch sandwiches and oranges as they pass the Saratoga station that they may bring the waiting crowds. A friend whose delivery cart traverses on Blossom Day nine miles or more of country road, reported a picnic company in front of every ranch and not a knocker, or grumbler in the whole outfit. Not a call for a sheriff or policeman. It seems incredible that ten thousand people should stop to play a whole day in plowing time, when San Francisco is rebuilding, and we are getting ready to wave white handkerchiefs at white ships. Perhaps the 15,000 estimate is not too high. Those Yankee girls don't guess today what a live institution they planted in Saratoga sand. God bless them!

Not a Copyright Institution.

It pays us well. Our churches pray better together because our young people play. Pastors combine for union services. Beginning with an open-air praise service and closing with Mrs. Howard's splendid hymn and Henry Van Dyke's California version of America, we have no wrangles and no rows. The workers at ice cream and lemonade stands hear the music and speeches, and share the stories. Outdoor hospitality is not hard, and the dear old lady who was tired and wanted to rest found a bed at the postoffice, whether there was a letter for her or not. For holiday spirit is contagious and there's magic yeast in the law of kindness which makes everybody rise to his best. I'm thinking how many communities might profitably have a Blossom Festival without having to pay the state of California $20 for a seal of incorporation.

There's everywhere, almost, a rock, or a grove, or a great tree, or a pretty schoolhouse for a center. Games tickle young folks better in the long run, particularly in "Fox and Geese," better than dances. Our few dances have come after the benediction, and our best young people are working up out of promiscuous dances into dramatic entertainment of an improving sort. Brethren in the country, you do not need the institutional church as Bro. Walz does. Get up a better Fourth of July than the poor whiskey mob have. Get your youngsters playing tag. You liked it. Persuade the man whom the ranch owns—and there are thousands of them—to own his ranch one day and take the team and the family for an outing. Its costly to go to Yosemite, and not all can get to Sempervirens Park, but I do not know a county in our glorious commonwealth where wise Christians cannot combine to elevate the pleasures of the rising generation. Our neighboring town of Campbell celebrates Washington's birthday with speeches, songs, fellowship and a royal dinner in a great cannery. It glorifies their good town. It would pay you to make a pilgrimage to attend it. And if you have never seen Santa Clara county's Blossom Day in little Saratoga, you have one of the sights and experiences of America's best before you. Welcome in advance. You can't infringe on our patience. Improve it in His name.

Lo, the Poor Indian!

That Riverside Conference for the last three days of April is preparing. Think what it will be to see Friend Smiley of Mohawk, the octogenarian veteran of the Indian cause; to greet and face old Indians of the past time and stir some promising young Indians to hope and struggle for their race; to learn of Dr. and Mrs. Riggs of Nebraska what a lifetime of devotion does for the old inhabitants of the land. If Mr. Charles Lummis of Out West speaks as he writes, he will be worth hearing. You want to see Sherman Indian School, and probably you may hear the lady of the silver tongue, Mrs. Elizabeth Lowe Watson of Santa Clara county plead for Indian women. An assembly worthy of your best thought and prayer. Don't forget it.

I wrote down my troubles every day,
And after a few short years,
When I turned to the heartaches passed away,
I read them with smiles, not tears.
—John Boyle O'Reilly.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF JOHN B. GOUGH.

(Christian Endeavor Topic for April 12th.)

Albert W. Palmer.

The Autobiography of John B. Gough is one of those easy-going, leisurely, gossipy books which are as restful as a slow and aimless walk through the hills. The pervading sense of humor, the inconsequential details, the absence of all literary conventionality leave one cheered and rested. And yet, when you sit down and think the book through, there comes the realization that you have been the witness to a drama of unusual power and intensity. As in some of Shakespeare's plays, the comic subplot keeps you rested along the way, and it is not until the play is ended that its greatness sweeps over you. Get the book and read it. It has been drawn from the Oakland Public Library only eight times in the last eight years, but it is a human document more worth while than much of current fiction.

John B. Gough was born in a little village near Folkstone, England. His father was a soldier, his mother a devoted Christian woman. They were poor—so poor that when John, their only son, had a chance to better himself by going to America as a boy of fourteen, a heart-broken mother let him go. His early life in America was roving and uncertain. He learned the book-binding trade and became a slave to strong drink. His drunkenness indirectly led to the death of his first wife and baby. He sank to the lowest depths of delirium tremens, and then the temperance movement of the early forties caught and saved him. A waiter in a hotel, named Joel Stratton, induced him to sign the pledge, stood by him even when he broke it a little later, and was the human influence that changed his life.

Gough began speaking at temperance meetings. He had a certain genius for mimicry, a power of picture drawing, a keen sense of humor, and a parallel sense of the power of pathos. Behind it all he had the terrible earnestness of a man who has been brought back from the very gates of hell. Everywhere he went in America and England he spoke to crowds that overflowed the largest auditoriums. His message was a campaign against intemperance and an appeal to men to take the total abstinence pledge. He believed in legal restriction of the liquor traffic, but his primary appeal was to the individual conscience. He was a maker of that public opinion upon which, after all, all legal restrictions, to be of any avail, must rest.

What lessons come to us from his life? I can only suggest a few in otuline: (1) The value of a mother's love and a mother's religious faith. The story of his life refers repeatedly to her influence. The world never knew her—she was buried in the potter's field in New York City—but she gave her boy something that enabled him to move the world.

(2) The influence that reached and saved John B. Gough and sent him out on his great career was that of a poor obscure waiter, and, later, shoe factory employee named Joel Stratton. He never had $500 together at one time in his life. His name never appeared in "Who's Who." But, by a few earnest words and his patient faith, he gave to the world John B. Gough!

(3) Gough is another member of that great army

who make confession of the saving and sustaining power of a vital religious faith.

(4) The world never dreamed that in John B. Gough the common drunk lay concealed John B. Gough the apostle of sobriety, the man who in the ten years between 1843 and 1853 alone should induce over 215,000 persons to sign the temperance pledge! Was the transformation of Gough worth while to society? Who knows what possibilities lie hidden in the lot of broken, sin-stained lives up for sentence in the police court Monday morning?

(5) John B. Gough's path was not an easy one after he reformed. Drink had injured his physical constitution. His enemies among the rum sellers tried to betray him into breaking the pledge, and once they succeeded by means of soda water that had been drugged. Even among the temperance people some were jealous of him and cruelly misrepresented him. But through it all he kept sweet and sane. These are words to which we can all afford to listen:

"A long time ago I stained and blotted and marred many fair pages in the book of my life; the stains are there now; and any man can turn to the blotted pages and, pointing to them, say, 'Behold his record!' Remember, I do not complain of this; I only say it is so, —and would warn the young man in the outset of life: **Keep the page clean!"**

SUNDAY, OUR WEEKLY EASTER, AND HOW TO OBSERVE IT.

(Christian Endeavor Topic for April 19th.)

Albert W. Palmer.

The great dynamic fact that filled the apostolic church with purpose and power was its conviction of the resurrection of Jesus. He was not held by death, but was alive again forever more. This was the heart of the early Christian message and the secret of a sublime missionary courage. What more appropriate meeting day, therefore, than the day on which Jesus rose from the dead? Thus they reasoned, and justly.

The Gentile churches, under the leadership of Paul, felt entirely free from the Jewish ceremonial law—even the law of the Sabbath. Hence there grew up, in the West at least, a Christian church meeting on "the Lord's day," but observing no Sabbath. But humanity needs more than a regular day for meetings—it needs a day of physical rest, a day of opportunity for the cultivation of the higher life, and so, in the course of time and as the church came to have influence and power, a new Sabbath—Sunday—grew up in the Christian church.

How shall we observe this weekly Easter, which is at the same time the spiritual descendant of the Jewish Sabbath? Well, first of all, keep it joyfully! If any day rings of joy it is Easter day, and no weekly Easter should be a day of gloom. Spend it "out of doors in body and in mind," as Henry Van Dyke says. Think your happiest thoughts, lift the shades and let the sunshine in. Then keep it positively, not negatively. It is not enough to refrain from doing certain things on Sunday. It is not enough to be able to say: "I have never worked on Sunday, never sung popular songs on Sunday, never played checkers on Sunday, never worn my old clothes on Sunday! There is no virtue in keeping Sunday as a ceremonial. "The Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath." Do not merely refrain from doing things because it is Sunday —on the contrary, do certain things just because it is Sunday; do those things which minister to your higher life, which deepen your moral courage and purify your ideals. Use Sunday; do something with it; get something out of it.

"But that is all so vague," you say. "Tell us just what we may or may not do." No, I cannot and will not do that. Each man must work out his Sunday program in the light of his own conscience and his own situation in life. The really important thing is to accept some such principle as this: **"I am going to use Sunday as a day for the culture of the soul, both my own soul and the souls of other men. I am going to make Sunday my weekly Easter. As the Easter Faith is Immortality, so I propose to use my Sundays to minister to all those instincts and hungerings of the soul which bear witness to Immortality."** If any man heartily accept this principle it will be good spiritual exercise for him to work out the details of conduct for himself and in the light of his peculiar limitations and opportunities.

Among the Churches.

Murphys.—There was an addition to the membership on April the 5th on confession.

Redwood City.—Eight persons were received into membership last Sunday, five on confession of faith.

Berkeley, Bethany.—Nine persons were welcomed in the fellowship of this church last Sunday, 7 on confession.

Auburn.—Improvements costing $150 were made recently on the church property. Nine persons have united with the church since the first of the year.

Ceres.—Five persons were received by letter April 5th. Seventy of the 110 persons present at the service were communicants. There was an attendance of 75 at the Sunday-school. The church is finding the new church building and its new location a great encouragement for its future.

Porterville.—The work is in a very encouraging condition. The pastor, Rev. A. G. Bryant, is doing excellent work among all classes. He has organized the Tule Club, having a membership of 35 or 40 boys connected with the Sunday-school, whose enthusiasm in athletics and outdoor games is shared and in a measure led by the pastor. A new building to cost about $20,000 is contemplated. It is thought that something like $15,000 will be pledged soon for this purpose.

Colegrove.—Here is a brief history of the Union Congregational Church of Colegrove of which the Rev. A. A. Kidder of Los Angeles is pastor: "First service held in the Pass school-house, March 18, 1906. Church organized in the same place June 17, 1906. Removed to Cole's hall December 2, 1906. Purchased the Episcopal church property December 20, 1907. Took possession of the church March 23, 1908. Held first public service April 5th, 1908." The pastor writes: "We succeeded in getting the church by a multitude of dimes."

Redondo.—April 5th was a great day for the Redondo church. It was the first anniversary of the present pastorate, and the question of finances for the coming year must be settled. Superintendent Maile was present in the morning and spoke to a full house. Conditions were so encouraging that self-support was suggested and the people at once took it up. The church at Manhatten Beach, which is yoked with this church joined in the movement, and it was decided to try to go alone this year.

Santa Rosa.—Sunday, March 28, was one of the red-letter days in the Santa Rosa church life; a day brimming over with gratitude and hope and carrying a vibrant song of gladness through all its hours. There united with us 35 persons, three by letter, thirty-two by profession. This is the largest number coming at a single time in our history. Of the thirty-two by profession twenty-five were from the Bible School, twelve boys and young men, with thirteen girls and young ladies. During the past year, closing with March, there have come into the church from the school forty-four young people, the fruit of the faithful work of pastor and teachers. A large and sympathetic audience, the evident presence of the Holy Spirit in waiting souls, the heart of our beloved pastor filled with a joy too deep for many words, yet shining in his face, all made an occasion long to be remembered.

GREEN STREET CHURCH, SAN FRANCISCO.

On Monday, April 20th the Green Street Church will celebrate the anniversary of the burning of the old building by having an inspection day of the new, partially completed institutional church on the old lot. At 2 p. m. Rev. Chas. R. Brown will make an address in the church auditorium. All interested are cordially invited to come.

From the ferry take Union street car (white) in front of Chief Wharfinger's office. Get off at Green street, on Montgomery avenue. From Third and Townsend station take Kearny street car marked North Beach to Powell street and Green. Walk north one block next to corner of Green and Montgomery avenue.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Rev. Dr. D. C. Greene of the American Board missions in Japan was in San Francisco a few days this week, en route to the East on a vacation. Dr. Greene was accompanied by his wife.

The attention of Christian Endeavorers is called to the fact that we give this week the notes on the lessons for April the 12th and the 19th. Our aim is to keep this much in advance so that the notes will reach all in ample time for use on the proper Sunday. The Pacific congratulates itself and its readers in that Mr. Palmer has been secured for this work.

The Rev. F. H. Maar brought to the ministers of San Francisco and vicinity last Monday a valuable paper on "Ourselves and Our Sermons." It was an earnest plea for the sermons that "pour forth the music of redemption." Next Monday the meeting will listen either to Professor Howison or the Rev. J. S. Chandler, the American Board missionary, en route again to India. Perhaps both will speak.

The Monterey Coal Company, which has been attacked in some of the newspapers recently, has an advertisement in The Pacific. When we took the advertisement we believed in the integrity of the men composing the company, and we still believe in it. Our judgment is that they have valuable properties. The president of the company is Mr. J. B. Hoff, long a member of Pilgrim Church, Oakland. The agents in Berkeley, Messrs. A. T. and A. H. Needham, are superannuated Methodist ministers of high standing. Expert mineralogists state that the company has mineral deposits of large value. Our daily papers enjoy a sensation—if only they can keep out of the reach of the law.

OBSERVATIONS.

Southern California never looked more charming than during the closing days of March. Rain had fallen within the month, giving the landscape a brightness and beauty not always realized so near the approach of the dry season. The fields were green, the orchards blossoming in white and pink, the orange groves rich in their yellow and their green, and the mountain peaks as white as snow could make them. The sun was warm—a little too much so for a dweller in the bay region—but old ocean kept sending a gentle breeze, and the combination was so happy that one could well understand why these wise men of the south grow enthusiastic over the well-nigh Paradisacal surroundings which are theirs.

Monrovia.

Short though my sojourn necessarily was, somewhat of Congregational life came into view, and pleasing, indeed, was the sight. At Monrovia I stood once more on that valuable corner owned by our church, a property others have sought in recent years to buy, when it seemed as if we of the Pilgrim order could no longer use it for church purposes. But good Mother Taylor, now gone up higher, had visions of coming numbers who would want to worship after the manner of their fathers, and she would not let it go. The little flock of seven persisted in their faith, believing the Lord's prophet would some day come, whose vision would equal theirs, and whose glad mission it would be to lead the remnant to larger things. Recently such an one appeared, coming from far-away Long Island, loathe to leave the vigorous church at Riverhead, but joyously seeking the genial clime necessary for his wife's health. He proved none other than Rev. Ansel E. Johnson, who once toiled in our own state, at Antioch. He saw the possibilities, acquainted himself with the newcomers, found several disposed favorably to the movement, and now the seven have become thirty-four, with eight more soon to identify themselves with the enterprise. Already $500 has been expended on the property; both inside and out rendered more attractive. Efforts for the young are on foot; and with the inevitable growth of the community in these highlands near the mountain's base, it must be that faithful labors wisely performed will in due time time give us another center where influences will go forth for the evangelization of our state, our nation and the world.

Pomona.

Somewhat of a change was it from Monrovia to Pomona! If the former is great in its promises, the

latter has not alone a bright future, but a most satisfactory past, and an especially delightful present. Here is one of the strong churches of the whole Pacific Coast. Not yet a quarter century old, its membership is about six hundred—some of the finest people under the sun. Leading them is Rev. George E. Soper, as genial as he is strong, coming hither some five years since from the cold regions of Minnesota. To the beautiful manse both master and mistress welcome you, and were you not careful the clock would strike the late hours of the night ere you tore yourself away from the fascinating story, both historic and prophetic.

Not long since a lot was purchased adjoining the parsonage, giving a frontage of 145 feet with a depth of 120. Some time, possibly, the buildings will be removed and on this site—an attractive corner in the midst of beautiful homes—an edifice will arise, costing perhaps $50,000, modern in design and well adapted for all the work such a united people can do. Pomona is growing, and the churches are feeling the influences of those churchly disposed, which happily are not few. Audiences Sunday morning fill our auditorium, and when on the last Sunday evening of each month the pastor gives an illustrated lecture on some phase of missionary work, the fairly good evening attendance is considerably increased. Finances are maintained without difficulty, current expenses readily met, and benevolences beyond the average. The church has a "benevolent year" not synchronous with its fiscal year, and beginning in April, pledges are made for the various societies. Great satisfaction is found in that the apportionment for the American Board has been met; also for the Home Missionary Society, and that with such a strain other Boards have been remembered. Inspiring, indeed, must it be to shepherd such a flock, and happy must such a people be when relations between church and manse are so cordial as at Pomona.

Pico Heights.

An evening at Pico Heights! Yes, it was mine. This suburban part of Los Angeles, on the west, is growing all the time in attractiveness as well as in numbers. When first my eyes lighted upon it the charm was not overpowering, and no envy filled my breast as I contemplated the work of our Congregational pastor. But recent years have witnessed great improvements, and now this section of the southern metropolis compares favorably with any outlying districts. Hither came some years since Rev. J. M. Schaefle, and though not to the "manor born," he proved himself long since thoroughly equipped for wise and vigorous work. Little there was to encourage him; a few disciples, poorly equipped in a district not overly attractive. But undaunted he went forward, preaching the simple gospel on Sundays, living the same from day to day. Now his church numbers more than two hundred, with a flourishing Sunday-school, a vigorous Christian Endeavor Society and a plant on a strategic corner, one block from the trolley, well adapted for the diversified work such a parish demands. For seventeen years this faithful pastor has labored here, at times doubtless laughed to scorn, but strong in the belief that patient continuance in well doing adds influence to one's life, he has persevered amidst difficulties many and varied, and now, filled with newcomers as the district is, Pastor Schaefle is a bishop to whom both old and young, won by his fine common sense and brotherly interest, come for counsel and assistance. Coupled with their labors is work at Hyde Park, ten miles distant, where Sunday afternoons this untiring messenger preaches.

A successful farmer here is Captain Z. B. Clark, who not long since, in memory of his only daughter, built a commodious house of worship, which the scattered community now enjoy. Already the trolley line en route to Redondo has reached this section, and in the not distant future it will become a suburb of Los Angeles. When it does we ought to be in the lead in all good work. While through the devotion of Captain and Mrs. Clark this has never in any way taxed our missionary funds, it serves to show the wisdom of occupying these outlying districts, and of maintaining our Boards in such financial strength as to enable us to enter doors now and again opening to Congregational work. Much credit is due the Pico Heights pastor in faithfully holding these many years this point, occasioning as it does not a little travel and preaching three times on Sunday. But he is a prophet with a message, which he loves to deliver. He finds delight, too, in every good word and work. Congratulations to him upon such a long and successful pastorate, and hearty wishes for many more years of similar labors for the kingdom! OBSERVER.

THE PASSING OF D. GILBERT DEXTER.

California Congregationalism has met with a marked loss in the death of Deacon D. Gilbert Dexter of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco, who passed away at the home of his son in that city on Wednesday of last week at the age of 75. For nearly twenty years Mr. Dexter had been a member of the First Church; and a more devoted, faithful member no church ever had. When he was laid aside from the loyal service which he rendered that church and the cause of Christ in general, about a year and a half ago, Dr. Adams felt that the church and its pastor were meeting with an immeasurable and almost irreparable loss.

For many months he was missed from the councils and services and work of the church; and last week he was not—for God took him to be forever with him in the mansions beyond.

Funeral services were held in the church edifice last Friday—the first in the new building, which stands on the old site today because in the membership of the Old First Church there was that devotion and consecration to the cause of Christ manifest in high degree in the life of this brother now gone to his reward.

The editor of The Pacific will never forget the help and encouragement coming to him from time to time during the last ten years from Deacon Dexter. He had newspaper experience himself in New England, being the founder and first editor of the Cambridge, Massachusetts, Tribune; he believed in the power of the press, and stood firmly for the maintenance on the coast of a church paper which should be influential in shaping thought and life.

Deacon Dexter was the representative of his church in many ways in the city in which he lived and in the denomination at large. He was for several years the president of the California Bible Society; and in ways manifold did day by day a work which will give him an abiding influence for good. It will be a long time before the people of the First Church of San Francisco and Congregationalists in general in this part of California will, in their assemblages, forget D. Gilbert Dexter.

THE HOME

HOUSEKEEPING AND HOME-MAKING.

"Eric, I wish you would come in or else go out. You're holding that screen door open like an invitation to the flies."

The boy, who was standing in the doorway looking up and down the street, turned at his sister's impatient call and entered the house. "I didn't think about the flies," he said good naturedly. "Did any of them dodge in over my head?"

Frances did not reply. She was looking at the floor, an expression on her face which was somewhere between horror and indignation.

"Eric Fraser, where in the world could you have found any mud today? No matter if there hasn't been any rain for a month you'll come into the house and make muddy tracks across the floor. And I spent such a long time polishing it this morning," sighed Frances, with what her brother called her martyr-like tone.

"Well, I don't hunt up the wet places, if that's what you mean," was Eric's rather short answer. He pulled an easy chair into the bay window and settled himself comfortably with the morning papers. Frances, who had gone for a dusting cloth to remove the traces of his tracks on the polished floor, uttered an exclamation as she re-entered the room.

"Eric Fraser, would you mind leaving that chair where I put it? The room is simply spoiled with all the furniture huddled into that end of the room. If you want to sit in the window take the window seat."

"Oh, no! I'll go upstairs to my own room, and maybe there I can have a little peace." The slam of the door behind him was very expressive, and Frances sighed as she looked at her aunt. "You see how it is," she said. "Eric doesn't appreciate how hard I work to keep things nice. I think housekeepers have very hard times."

Her tone seemed to indicate that a little sympathy would be welcomed. Aunt Elizaebth was sorry for the girl, who was trying so hard to fill her mother's place, but she did not think that sympathy was just what Frances needed. "My dear," she said, instead, "what is the object of all this dusting and scrubbing and polishing that goes on in a home? Why isn't it left out?"

"Left out!" repeated Frances. She stared at her aunt incredulously. "Left out, Aunt Elizabeth! Why, it would be intolerable. Nobody could have any comfort in a house that wasn't kept clean and in order."

"Exactly." Aunt Elizabeth looked pleased. "The comfort and enjoyment of the family are the first consideration. Order and cleanliness are important as they contribute to the more important things. Just as soon as they interfere with the family comfort they have gone too far."

"I suppose you think I ought to let Eric track all around and not say a word," remarked Frances crossly.

"I mean, my dear, that home-making is a higher art than housekeeping. I knew a woman once," said Aunt Elizabeth reflectively, "who had a reputation as a good housekeeper, and she was determined to live up to it. When her husband came home at night he found his slippers waiting for him on the outside steps. He put them on before he crossed the threshold."

"That was going rather far, but still it had its advantages," said Frances, laughing in spite of herself.

"Yes, but it didn't stop there. The mania for keeping things in order grew on her till after she had a room arranged to her liking; she would lock the door and not allow any one of the family to use it. The kitchen was the last to be closed. Her husband came home one night and found a cot on the back porch and the cooking stove in the back yard."

"Why, she must have been crazy!" Frances exclaimed.

"That's what the doctor said. But I have always thought that she should be a warning to the housekeepers who keep their homes neat at the expense of family comfort. I have known," added Aunt Elizabeth, with a twinkle in her eye, "a number who have started on the same path, even though they never went as far."

Frances looked at her, and her eye reflected the twinkle.

"I wonder if Eric would like to make candy," she said reflectively. "I've objected several times lately when he's proposed it, because the chafing-dish gets such a condition, and the room is always out of order before he's through. I suppose the good housekeeper you were telling about would never have thought of allowing such a thing."

"I don't believe she would, but a good home-maker might," said Aunt Elizabeth, smiling back. ....

And then the aggrieved Eric, sulking in his room upstairs, was as surprised as delighted to hear his sister's voice in the hall, "Eric, come down. We've just time to make fudge before supper."—Miss Harriet L. Smith, in The New York Observer.

AN ACTION SONG.

By Murex.

If there's something to be done,
Do it.
Though it yield but little fun,
Do it.
Life is not all holiday;
There is work as well as play,
But the work is what will pay;
Do it.

Is a lesson to be learned,
Learn it;
Or a dollar to be earned,
Earn it.
Sturdy blows must needs be struck,
If life's fruitage you would pluck;
Put no trust in idle luck;
Spurn it.

Is a wrong wish in your mind,
Kill it;
You can, if you're so inclined;
Will it.
Be the master of your thought,
Do not sell yourself for nought;
Store your mind with what you ought;
Fill it.

Does a song come to your soul,
Sing it;
Does some burden on you roll,
Bring it,—
Bring it to the place of prayer,
Leave it in the Master's care;
Heaven's bell is waiting there;
Ring it.

Young People

THE JANE BUSH MISSION.

None of the schoolgirls had been much interested in Jane Bush. She had come among them a stranger, and seemed little inclined to be active about making friends. She was not pretty, she was not lively, she was not well clothed.

It was understood that she was working somewhere for her board, and there was little to remark about her except an appearance of dogged determination to study —study, come what would. If she was entering this first high school year to work her way through, she was evidently bent on making a brave fight for it.

She sought no companionship with the other girls, and they got into a way of letting her alone. She had no part in any chummy little cliques, going in and out among merry groups as if not belonging among them.

But there came a day when some one asked, "Where's Jane Bush?"

"Sure enough, where is she?"

"She hasn't been here for—how long?"

"Oh, I couldn't tell. Several days, perhaps."

"Well," said a careless speaker, "she won't be missed much."

"Oh," came in a kinder tone, "I always felt sorry for Jane. She had a look as if—well, as if things went hard with her, as if she had no share in any good times. I wonder where she is, and why she has stopped coming."

"I can tell you something about her," said a girl who joined the speakers. "Mrs. Adams, where she has been working, told my mother—Jane isn't well"—

"There now," broke in one in a regretful tone; "I used to feel out of patience with her because she looked so like distress. I thought she might brace up and be a little less doleful, even if she did have things hard."

"She's going to the hospital. She has to have some kind of operation."

"Oh! Oh!" Exclamations of concern mingled with self-reproach.

"Poor soul! I wish we had made a little attempt to be kind to her. Miss Emory," to a teacher who was passing, "can you tell us anything about Jane Bush? Did you hear about her going to the hospital?"

"Yes, Mrs. Adams told me. They have become much interested in Jane, sympathizing in her craving desire to secure an education."

"Hasn't she any people of her own?"

"They live out in the country, and are poor. It is the Adamses who are sending her for treatment."

"Do you know how long she will be there?"

"Probably a month."

Later in the day three or four girls walked by the hospital.

"Doesn't it look gloomy and terrible?" said Emily Sears, glancing at the huge brick building. "It always gives me the creeps to fancy all the suffering inside those walls."

"Yes," said Ruth Ames; "but think how many people come out all made over and happy."

"Still," said Faith Merton, "think of the dreary times—the long days when they are just lying there waiting. What a weariness that must be!"

"If Jane comes back to school let's let her in with us—try to brighten her up a little, and make her think life is worth living."

"Girls," Ruth broke in with eagerness, "don't let's wait till she comes back. If she's well, then she won't need anything from us half so much as she does now. Can't we do something to help her through this?"

"As—how?" asked one.

"Some of us haven't much to give," was timidly suggested.

"There needn't be so much **giving,**" said Emily. "What's that about 'giving ourselves?' Can't we do a little to help her through each day?"

"Good! good!" said the girls, enthusiastically. "Something every day to pass the time and cheer her up."

"And it ought not to be a hit-or-miss—a feast one day and a famine the next. If we undertake to do anything, there should be some system about it."

"Go on, Em. Plan it out for us. You are the administrative-ability one. The rest of us will come in on executive ability."

"Now"—Emily put on her face of grave calculation—"if she's to be there, say four weeks, we ought to divide up so that some one should remember her each day. Seven of us—how would that do? That would be only one day a week—to do some little thing ourselves, and get some one else to do a little."

"Fine you are, Emily."

"Let's ask Alice and Marg and Helen and Dorothy to make up the seven—each of us to have our special day. So little will go so far, you know. A book of our own, or a picture, or a letter—it is so easy to write a letter, or to send a newspaper, or flowers, or fruit. The best part of it will be the letting her know we think of her."

Miss Emory, being appealed to, gave information that Jane was to go to the hospital on the second day following. The selected seven held busy consultation, planning out for each one the gladly assumed duty. Other girls came around to listen to what was going on.

"Let us help. Can't we help?"

"I can send some flowers."

"I'll write to her. I will tomorrow."

"And I'll—

"Wait, wait," laughed Emily. "We are trying to arrange so that things won't go unevenly. Now, if you girls want to help the regular committee"—

"Come in as kind of under-studies!"

"Good! Yes, that way."

"You are to lead off, Emily."

"Yes."

"And I'll be with you," said another.

Jane Bush awoke on her first morning at the hospital with a feeling of utter, lonely discouragement which the cheer of the bright little room could not dispel. Life had turned to her its harder, colder, burdened side. An orphan for many years, she had lived with relatives who had grudgingly given her a home, and who now, having found her work valuable to them, resented her leaving them to make her brave try for an education. She had thrown into the attempt her best endeavor, working hard, studying hard, willingly turning aside from all that goes to make up girlish happiness, and now—to be overtaken this way!

She could not feel reconciled to it. There would be loss of time, and suffering. She dreaded it—the treatment, the being among strangers, the long, dreary days stretching before her. She was afraid. Perhaps she might not get over it. Well, if she did not—was her life a thing much to be desired?

And then, from the outer world to the place into which came much suffering, came also the blessed chords of divine loving kindness—invisible, yet strong as life itself. On Jane's breakfast tray was a bunch of roses, which made her exclaim in delight.

"Yes," said the nurse; "we soon get to know the ones that have friends. Some poor souls come here and stay and stay, and go away, and never a thing to show that any one cares whether they live or die."

"And I thought I was one of that kind," was the thought that rose in the girl's heart. And every rose looking straight into her face with its dewy freshness seemed to carry an assurance that there were those who bore her in loving thought.

The mail, later, brought her the morning paper, a fresh magazine, and a letter, and by the time she had read it a new light had come into her life:

"My Dear Jane: We, your school friends, have heard of your illness, and we are all so sorry for you. It must be dreadful to be shut up and to suffer, but we want you to know that we think of you every day, and that we hope it will do you good, just a little, to know we do. We have found out the visiting hours, and some of us ill come to see you. There is a story in the magazine Lou is sending that we all know you will like. See if you can guess which one we mean. Good-bye. Don't get discouraged, but think of the good time when you will be back in school with us.

"Your friend, Emily."

"Can it be myself?" A new light seemed to have dawned in Jane's world. And in the few days of real suffering, during which neither books, callers, scarcely even flowers, could do much for the fevered brain and pain-racked body, the glow in the heart still remained, doing much to help beneficent nature in her kindly efforts toward healing.

Then a friend or two was admitted for a few quiet words. And the shower of love gifts—so trifling, yet meaning so much—kept up its gentle fall.

At an early day came a little book with daily readings, in which the invalid took great comfort. With a slight approach of strength came a bit of coarse lace knitting, with again a letter:

"Dear Jane: Aunt Amy thought you might like to pick this up sometimes when you tired of reading. There was to be more than just this beginning, but she put it into her pocket and went next door to knit more. The ball of cotton fell out of her pocket, and first the lace ripped and then the cotton unrolled and unrolled, and she didn't know it. The neighbor had stepped out, so she came back, having caught the cotton on a bush. When she got back the kitten began playing with it and got all tangled up and cut such capers the dog flew at her, and then Aunt Amy knew. That's all, except we're glad you're better, and mother wants you to come to us for a week when you're able. Em's mother said something about a week with them, too.

"Dorothy."

For with the blessed growth which always belongs with the Master's spirit of ministering came the thought that Jane's needs would not stop when she left the hospital, but that she would require rest and kindly care before again taking up her battle with life; and more than one home was ready to open its hospitable doors to her.

"If there is one thing in my life more than another for which I have to be thankful, it is the being sent to a hospital."

So Jane said, in looking back on it. And the friend to whom she said it replied: "It was good for others of us, too. It showed us some things we might not otherwise have seen."—Sydney Dayre, in Zion's Herald.

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